

Original Poetry.

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER VIEWING THE TOMB OF
ABELARD AND ELOISE, IN THE CEME-
TERY OF PERE LA CHAISE, AT PARIS.

BLESSED dead! blessed dead!—I have seen
the shrine

Where your fond hearts rest from their mortal
woes;
And a thousand hearts seemed to throb in mine,
When I gazed on the scene of your calm
repose!

When mine eyes first beheld the graceful fane
That uplifts its head where your ashes sleep,
I said to my soul—"Yet they loved in VAIN"—
And silently bowed down my head to weep.

"Not in vain—not in vain!" proud Hope
replied;

"Though their tide of affection had darkly
run—

Though they loved to the death—when those
true ones died,

The life of the Spirit had but begun.

"Not in vain—not in vain!—This world's
bleak clime

Is no fitting home for love's heaven-born
flower;

The exotic droops, 'mid the wilds of Time,
To expand its leaves in a brighter hour.

"Be the fears of thy coward soul at rest!
The wealth it YET grasps with a miser's care,
And the treasures that lie in earth's deep breast,
Shall be thine—shall be thine, in a day more
fair.

"Thine, thine, shall the hearts be, that now
are cold—

The hearts that ne'er, *living*, were cold to
thee;—

Thine, thine, the commerce of minds, that of old
Met the kindred mind in communion free.

"Thine, thine too, the love that is beaming
bright

In the tender smile—and the brimming eye
Thou art gazing upon with sad delight—

Oh, cheer thee! the spirit shall never die!"

L. S. S.

FLORENCE.

I WELL remember her! that orphan girl,
With her large melancholy eyes, that shone,
In their dark beauty, like the moon, when first
It lights the evening sky! Her cheek was pale,
Aye, very pale, no rose-tint colour'd it;
Yet she was beautiful, most beautiful!

There was a sad sweet calmness in her smile
That touch'd the gazer's heart.

I saw her first
Upon a woodland knoll; her long fair hair
Hung round her like a silken veil
From India's distant loom; so fine it was,
So rich in its bright loveliness. The breeze
Play'd midst her tresses, and at times reveal'd
The mild and settl'd sadness of her face;
Her eyes in their deep tenderness were rais'd
To the blue heavens. On her fair brow was

plac'd
A wreath of flowers. Alas! their bloom was
gone!

And on their leaves hung heavy drops of dew,
As though to mourn their faded loveliness.
Those flow'rs were a sad emblem of the fate
Of that fair orphan. She, too, died while yet
Her spring of life was new! I mourn'd her not,
For she had liv'd till all of happiness was gone;
And died of that worst death—a broken heart!

She had no parents—none to bid her fear
Those arts, which man too often loves to use:
The orphan trusted, and she was betray'd.
Her lover left her on their bridal morn,
And wedded one, more wealthy, but less fond.—
Then the poor orphan was again alone,
And she had none to pity her, nor cheer.
She never murmur'd; but each hour her cheek
Grew still more deadly pale; and she would sit
Whole days on her dead mother's grave, and
twine

The yew in chaplets for her own sad brow.

The time of summer came—the month of June,
The month of roses. But, on the orphan's cheek,
There was no rose-bloom, for her vision'd bliss—
Her dream of happiness—had fled. *He false*—
What had she now to do with life? She died!
I led her lover to her grave—his brow
One moment clouded—once—yes, once he sigh'd
The name of Florence, and then turn'd away,
To smile with fondness on his fair young bride.
Oh! what a dream is man's fidelity!

B. B. B.

STANZAS.

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! talk not to me
Of hope revived, of happiness;
How distant must that blessing be,
That comes to solace my distress!

The pilgrim, journeying o'er the bleak
And desert tracts of Afric's coast,
Fatigued and way-worn, faint and weak,
His guide; his path, his compass lost—

If, gaily speeding o'er the sand,
 Their proud steeds urged in fleet career,
 Some blythe and hardy Arab band
 Should on the burning hills appear—

Feels little pleasure when they tell
 Of springs beyond that arid plain :
 He may not hope to reach the well,
 Or greet the palm-trees' shade again !

A scorching sun above him glares,
 Around him howls the wilderness—
 What are to him the vernal airs
 That fan some thicket's cool recess ?

Too distant from his aching eyes,
 Too distant from his trembling feet,
 The fair delusive prospect lies,
 And he, indignant, spurns the cheat.

He knows he never more shall taste
 The crystal spring's refreshing wave ;
 He knows that, in that desert waste,
 His sinking frame *must* find a grave !

And thus I feel, when I am told
 That I shall be at peace once more.
 Yes ! when this burning heart is cold,
 When life, as well as hope, is o'er !
 EMMA ROBERTS.

WINTER.

MAJESTIC king of storms ! around
 Thy wan and hoary brow,
 A spotless diadem is bound
 Of everlasting snow !

Time, which dissolves all earthly things,
 O'er thee, in vain, hath wav'd his wings.

The sun, with all his potent beams,
 Thaws not thy icy zone—

Lord of ten thousand frozen streams,
 That sleep around thy throne—

Whose crystal barriers may defy
 The genial warmth of summer's sky.

What human foot shall dare intrude
 Beyond the howling waste,

Or view the untrodden solitude
 Where thy dark home is plac'd,
 In those far realms of death—where light
 Shrinks from thy glance, and all is night ?

The earth hath felt thy iron tread,
 The streams have ceased to flow,
 The leaves beneath thy feet lie dead,
 And shrill the north winds blow ;
 Nature lies in her winding sheet
 Of dazzling snow and blinding sleet.

Where lately many a gallant prow
 Spurn'd back the whitening spray,
 A glassy mirror glitters now
 Beneath the moon's wan ray :
 Full many a fathom deep below
 The dark imprison'd waters flow.

How gloriously above thee gleam
 The planetary train ;
 And the pale moon, with clearer beam,
 Chequers the frosty plain :
 The sparkling diadem of night
 Circles thy brows with tenfold light.

I love thee not—yet, when I raise
 To heaven my wond'ring eyes,
 I feel transported with the blaze
 Of beauty in the skies ;
 And laud the power, that e'en to thee
 Hath given such pomp and majesty.

I turn—and shrink before the blast
 That sweeps the leafless tree ;
 Career'ing on the tempest past
 Thy snowy wreaths I see :
 But spring will come in beauty forth,
 And chase thee to the frozen north.

SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.

LINES.

By Captain M'Naghten.

LOVELY as eastern sunset skies, in mellow
 radiance glowing ;
 Bright as the last effulgent beam, those glorious
 tints bestowing ;
 Pure as the prayer of virgin saints—the last they
 waft in dying ;
 Mild as the lightest breath of heaven, or love's
 first timid sighing ;
 Fair as the drooping lily flower, that hangs its
 head in mourning ;
 Sweet as the modest violet, the sloping bank
 adorning ;
 More priz'd by me than all the gems this
 transient world enriching ;
 More tender than the dove's soft note, than
 magic more bewitching ;
 Artless as slumbering infancy, in some bless'd
 vision smiling ;
 Fond as the pledging kiss of love, where there
 is no beguiling ;
 Soft as the tear affection weeps, to soothe mis-
 fortune's pillow ;
 Graceful as the unconscious swan, on the pellucid
 billow ;
 Delicious as the ripen'd grape ; attach'd as ivy
 clinging ;
 Charming as Psyche, when t' her bower young
 Love his flight was winging ;
 Dear as the balmy lips of health, the brow of
 sickness blessing ;
 Warm as the flush of beauty's cheek, plac'd
 there by fond caressing ;—
 Is she, who sheds elysian joys o'er this terrestrial
 life,
 The friend, the love, and—all combin'd in *one*—
 the tender wife.

suits were commenced against him, whereunto he answered not, that by order of lawe he was outlawed. And then for a naughty shift, as his last refuge, gathered together a company of roysters and cutters, and practised robberies and spoyling of the King's subjects ; and occupied and frequented the forests in wilde countries. The which being certefyed to the King, and he being greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamations to be made—That whosoever would bring him, quick or dead, the King would give him a large sum of money ; as by the records in the exchequer is to be seen ; but of this promise no man enjoyed any benefit. For the sayd Robyn Hood being afterwards troubled with sicknesse, came to a certain nunnery in Yorkshire, called Berklies ; where desiring to be lett blood, he was betrayed, and for the purpose bled to death. After his death the Prioress of the place caused him to be buried by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way :

and upon his grave the sayde Prioress did lay a faire stone, whereon the names of Robyn Hood, William of Goldesborough, and others (of his merry-men) were graven ; and at either side of the sayde tomb was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene at this present."

It has been mentioned by a modern writer, that Robin Hood's bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers, were preserved till within the last century, at Fontain's Abbey : but, if we would seek for the most beautiful, and wild, and therefore the truest picture of such a life, which has ever been drawn by man—of the free-booting forester—the page of our immortal Shakspeare contains it—for it is all nature—the nature of the times he wrote of, of the people he described.—The robbers of Schiller, also, are true ; but they are true German ; and of more modern guise, than our ancient half Saxons, of the age of Robin Hood.

J. P.

Original Poetry.

THE GARDEN OF THE DEAD.

WRITTEN ON PLUCKING A WHITE ROSE,
NEAR THE TOMB OF MRS. JORDAN, IN
THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE,
AT PARIS.*

BEAUTIFUL rose ! In thy snowy pride
Thou look'st like the emblem of some fair bride—
Fit to twine with the dark and glossy tress
That love's own ambrosial lip may press !
But thine is another—a sadder doom—
THY lot is, to deck the sullen tomb—
To distil all thy sweetness o'er the bed
Where slumbers the cold, the unconscious dead.

O, mockery senseless—vile and vain—
O'er the field where death holds his gloomy
reign,
To fling wreaths, that freshly and brightly blow,
As in scorn of the ruin that frowns below !
Ah ! purer the feeling—the taste of THEE,
Mine own dear land, where the funeral tree, †

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. vi.
page 56.

† The yew.

Like a mourner, its faithful station keeps,
At the grave where widowed fondness weeps :
True type of a grief that will brighten never—
And of holy hopes, that will live for ever !

L. S. S.

THE CAPTIVE FINCH.

(By the Author of "*Field Flowers*," &c.)

LADY.

PRETTY, pretty, pretty bird,
Sweet as e'er in grove was heard,
Come and tell thy mistress why
Mute's thy voice and dull thine eye !
Tell me, has my thoughtless page
Left no seed within thy cage,
Or has puss, inspiring fear,
Dared thy prison-bars draw near ?

BIRD.

Lady, no—'tis not of seed
I, a captive, most have need ;
Nor has puss, with talons fell,
Dared approach my prison-cell.
Grief from other sources springs—
Lo ! unplumed my drooping wings !
'Tis the loss of liberty
Checks my song and dulls mine eye.

LADY.

Pretty, pretty, pretty bird,
Banish grief, thy prayer is heard ;
Yet, come let me once again
List, as erst, thy woodland strain ;
Bid thine eye once more be bright,
Sparkling like some star of night,
And when ended is thy lay—
Plume thy wing and hence away !

BIRD.

Lady, thanks !—Oh ! had but heaven
Thus to all such feelings given,
Sorrow's tears would cease to flow,
Pity all alike would know,
Since the heart, that thus can melt
E'en for griefs it ne'er has felt,
Cannot close so pure a mind
'Gainst the griefs of human kind.

LADY.

Pretty, pretty, pretty bird,
Kindly are thy wishes heard ;
Yet how idly dost thou deem
All are so that happy seem !
E'en thy mistress, though she smile,
Owns Love's anxious cares the while ;
But Hope brooks no dull delay—
Plume thy wing, away, away !

BIRD.

Lady, then farewell ! and, when
Next thou tread'st yon woodland glen,
Should'st thou hear, the vale along,
Freedom's spirit-stirring song,
Deep of love and pleasure drink,
On thy feather'd minstrel think,
Whilst his song shall ever be
Thou, and love, and liberty.

Temple, March 8th, 1827. H. B.

TO —, OF DUMFRIES.

I'LL think of thee, I'll think of thee,
In hours of mirth, when hearts are free ;
When the gay wine-cup circles round,
And joy and revelry abound.

I'll think of thee in sorrow's hour,
When grief exerts her phrenzied power ;
Or when the heart, oppressed with care,
Feels the chill inroad of despair.

I'll think of thee, when health's warm flush
Sheds o'er my cheek the roseate blush ;
When the young spirit's on the wing
And love and hope are blossoming.

I'll think of thee, when on the bed
Of pain and sickness lies my head ;
When my cheek's pale, or my eye dim,
And anguish shoots through every limb.

I'll think of thee whene'er the blue
Ethereal vault of heaven I view ;
And when the evening star I see,
Will think that star is seen by thee.

Yes, I will ever think of thee,
In sorrow, or felicity ;
Thy actions gentle, open, kind,
Shall be with every thought entwined.

The social virtues of thy heart,
Thy friendship, free from guile or art ;
Thy voice, thy look, thy gentle tone,
Thy smile that ever sweetly shone ;
Are link'd with every thought, and never
From memory's sanctuary can sever.

B. N.

ON THE DEATH OF —.

I saw him laid in the silent tomb,
And yet I wept not his early doom ;
For I thought of a world of beauty and light,
Where there is no shadow, nor darkness, nor
night ;

And I knelt by his bed, and we prayed to be
Soon united in that bright eternity.
And when I saw his young cheek fade,
And death and pain around his bed,
And his beautiful eyes grow dark and dim,
I saw that he raised his thoughts to HIM
Who could waft his soul from sorrow and
pain,

To a land where joy and happiness reign.
And he placed his cold pale hand in mine,
And he smiled and spoke of things divine ;
He spoke of a God of peace and of love,
Who reigns in a world of beauty above ;
Of HIM—the SAVIOUR—who died that we
That land of loveliness might see.
And he folded his hands upon his breast,
And prayed that his soul might be at rest ;
Yet he sometimes fondly and sadly took
Of my sorrowing face a farewell look ;
And then turn'd away his brightening eye,
And again addressed the throne on high ;
And death came on him like the gentle sleep
Of an innocent child so calm and deep.
And he lay there like a pale young flow'r,
Lovely and fair in his dying hour ;
And, oh, it was beautiful to see
A soul thus pass to eternity !

B. B. B.

Original Poetry.

TO L. S. S.

ON READING HER BEAUTIFUL POEMS
WHICH HAVE FROM TIME TO TIME
APPEARED IN THE PAGES OF LA BELLE
ASSEMBLEE.

SWEET minstrel-lady, wilt thou deign
To listen to the humble strain
Of one thou know'st not, yet, who long
Hath felt the beauty of thy song?
Would that the glorious power were mine,
To breathe my thoughts in verse like thine,
For then I'd twine around thy name
The never-fading wreath of Fame.

I know not who or whence thou art,
Yet feel thy influence o'er my heart;
Thy song so sweet—so rich, though soft,
Its dying cadences—hath oft
In thralldom sweet my feelings held,
And my brow's gathering gloom dispell'd;
For when, with soul-depressing power,
Pale melancholy rules the hour,
The breathings of thy plaintive lyre
Can soft and tender thoughts inspire;
Can blunt affliction's rankling dart,
And touch the pulses of the heart,
Like a departed spirit's tone
Breath'd to some long-lov'd earthly one.
And when thou sing'st of pleasures fled,
Or of the once-lov'd, still-lov'd dead;
When thou describ'st those realms of light
Which are too pure for mortal sight;
Where those, who here were doom'd to sever,
Shall be united, and for ever;
Where all the good of ages past
In holiest love shall meet at last:
The soul, delighted with the theme,
Receives from thy sweet song a gleam
Of worlds, that yield more perfect bliss
Than e'er can be conceiv'd in this;
Glimpses of brighter scenes than lie
Within the scope of human eye;
And visions of that radiant shore,
Where care and sorrow vex no more;
Where countless hosts of angels throng,
And pour the never-ending song,
To HIM who sits enthron'd in light;
Ineffable, and infinite.

Oh! long may'st thou continue the
Sweet source of such sweet melody:
Still let thy pure and hallow'd muse
Its touching harmony diffuse;
For songs like thine, to virtue given,
Fall on the heart like dew from heaven.

B. N.

THE OCEAN.

(From MR. BIRD'S poem of "DUNWICH, A
TALK OF THE SPLENDID CITY," now in
the press).

BEATS there a heart which hath not felt its core
Ache with a wild delight, when first the roar
Of Ocean's spirit met the startled ear?
Beats there a heart so torpid, and so drear,
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood
Flash vivid joy, when first the rolling flood
Met the charmed eye in all its restless strife,
At once the wonder and the type of life!

Thou trackless, dark, and fathomless, and wide
Eternal world of waters!—ceaseless tide
Of power magnificent! unmeasured space,
Where storm and tempest claim their dwelling-
place!

Thy depths are limitless!—thy billows' sound
Is Nature's giant voice—thy gulph profound
Her shrine of mystery, wherein she keeps
Her hidden treasures—in thy caverned deeps
Is stored the wealth of nations, and thy waves
Have been—are now—and will be, dreary graves
For countless millions!—Oh! thou art alone
The costliest footstool of God's awful throne,
The mighty tablet upon which we see
The hand of power—the sign of Deity!

THE WOOD NYMPH.

THE summer leaf has left the bough,
And darkly frowns the lowering sky;
All lovely things are fading now,
And wintry winds sound drearily.

Stripped of its green umbrageous shade,
The living woof of buds and flowers,
How bare and bleak the forest glade,
How scathed and changed its fairy bowers.

The angry spirits of the woods,
With sullen voices chase the air;
And, hoarsely answered by the floods,
Breathe nought but fury and despair.

Hush'd is each tender soothing note,
Which, borne upon the summer breeze,
Would o'er the calm fair waters float,
Soft as love's sweetest phantasies.

And she is gone, that blessed one,
Who, often heard, though seldom seen,
When brightly gleamed the noon-tide sun,
Breathed music through the leafy screen!

And in the glittering golden ray,
 I've shaped her form of life and light ;
 Yet still the pageant flashed away,
 For mortal eye too keenly bright.

But she was near—I felt her sighs
 In every perfumed breath that stole,
 Feeding a thousand reveries
 Within my rapt enchanted soul.

I heard her voice, when all was mute,
 Save some bright insect's ceaseless wing ;
 Like echoes from a fairy lute,
 Or fays in flower-bells whispering.

Now other visions haunt the wild,
 Now other sounds are on the breeze ;
 And nature's fair and gracious child
 Gives place to darker mysteries.

EMMA ROBERTS.

ON THE RUINS OF WALBERSWICK
 CHURCH, IN SUFFOLK.

WHAT, in the olden time, hast thou seen,
 Dark ruin, lone and gray ?
 Full many a race of man from the green
 And bright earth pass away !
 The organ has pealed in these roofless isles,
 And priests knelt down to pray,
 At the altar where now the daisy smiles
 O'er their silent beds of clay.

I've seen the strong man, a wailing child,
 By his mother offered here ;
 I've seen him a warrior fierce and wild,
 I've seen him on his bier ;
 His warlike harness beside him laid,
 In the silent earth to rust,
 His plumed helm and trusty blade
 To moulder—dust to dust !

I've seen the stern reformer scorn
 The things once deem'd divine ;
 And the bigot's zeal with gems adorn
 The altar's sacred shrine !
 I've seen the silken banners wave,
 Where now the ivy clings,
 And the sculptur'd stone adorn the grave
 Of mitred priests and kings !

I've seen the youth in his tameless glee,
 And the hoary locks of age,
 Together bend the pious knee,
 To read the sacred page ;
 I've seen the maid with her sunny brow
 To the silent dust go down—
 The soil-bound slave forget his woe—
 The king resign his crown !

Ages have fled—and I have seen
 The young—the fair—the gay—
 Forgotten as they ne'er had been,
 Though worshipped in their day ;

And schoolboys here their revels keep,
 And spring from grave to grave,
 Unconscious that beneath them sleep
 The noble and the brave !

Here thousands find a resting place,
 Who bent before this shrine ;
 Their dust is here—their name and race
 Oblivion now are thine !
 The prince, the peer, the peasant sleeps
 Alike beneath the sod ;
 Time o'er their dust short record keeps,
 Forgotten, save by God !

I've seen the face of nature change,
 And, where the wild waves beat,
 The eye delightedly might range
 O'er many a princely seat ;
 But hill, and dale, and forest fair,
 Are whelm'd beneath the tide—
 They slumber here, that could declare
 Who owned these manors wide !

All thou hast felt—these sleepers knew ;
 For human hearts are still,
 In every age, to nature true,
 And sway'd by good or ill ;
 By passion rul'd, and born to woe,
 Unceasing tears to shed ;
 But thou must sleep, like them, to know
 The secrets of the dead ! S. S.

THE NEW YEAR.

ADDRESSED BY A SINCERE FRIEND, A
 DAUGHTER OF HIBERNIA, TO SIR
 ROBERT KERR PORTER, IN SOUTH
 AMERICA, ON HIS WIDOWHOOD.

RIPE clusters, pluck'd in sunny prime,
 Will often re-appear,
 To cheer the board in northern clime,
 When winter spoils the year !

Again, by grace divine,
 To suff'ring man are given
 Past hours of well-spent time,
 The fruit preserved in heaven !
 Such num'rous hours are thine,
 O'er-look'd in hope's gay light ;
 But now disclosed, they shine
 The stars of sorrow's night !

With mournful tenderness,
 Fond friendship's distant band
 Now dread thy woe's excess,
 Unsooth'd in stranger land ;
 But friendship's lovely flower,
 The growth of every clime,
 Springs swift in sorrow's bower,
 Nor wants the dews of time !

Arise ! the new-born year !
 A star of peace to thee !
 And may no cloud, nor tear,
 Its smiling circle see ! H. O. C.

them. This she resolved not to do, assuring the steward that it was only five crowns for which she had petitioned the good Cardinal: "more," added she, "I cannot in good conscience take." It was all in vain that the steward shewed the order written in the Cardinal's hand: "he must have been in error," replied the woman, and she still steadily refused to take more than the five crowns. On this the steward bade the widow follow him into the presence of the Cardinal: arrived

before his Eminence, the steward related the cause of his visit, saying that the widow refused to take more than five crowns, alleging that his Eminence had committed a mistake. "And in truth so I have," replied the Cardinal; "give me the paper." On this he took up his pen, and, adding a cypher to the 50, made the order for 500 crowns. "Such honesty!" exclaimed the Cardinal, "is but poorly paid even with five hundred crowns!"

Original Poetry.

THE SERAPH'S FLIGHT.

O'ER the wide earth, on untiring wing,
A Seraph of bliss in her brightness flew;
And lo! as she passed, the young flowers of
spring
Blushed deeper—as though they her presence
knew.

But she paused, in her pure rejoicing flight,
To gaze upon Man, as he won his way
Through the paths of grief—the fields of delight—
That he journeys o'er, in his little day.

She gazed upon Infancy, as it slept
On its hallowed pillow—the mother's breast;
And tears, such as angels may shed, she wept,
At the sight of that sweet and sinless rest.

She gazed upon Childhood, as it played
In the sunny mead—on the heathy hill;
Or when, at the parent's knee, it prayed
To the Power that protects our lives from ill.

She looked upon Youth, in its morning hour,
With its eye of light, and its brow of snow;
As it warbled songs of joy, in the bower,
When life's first roses deliciously blow.

She marked ripe Manhood, with pitying sigh,
As it strode on ambition's proud career
To the hill of its hope—while destiny
Was shrouding the future in gloom and fear.

She saw feeble Age the same foot-path tread,
The loved of its bosom had trod before;
With a yearning heart, that dwelt 'midst the
dead,
And a mind, that lived in the days of yore.

"And is *SUCH* your lot—ye sons of sorrow?"
She cried, with an angel voice—"Must the
things,
That ye prize to-day, depart to-morrow,
With speed of a bird, when it plies its wings?"

"Are ye blind—are ye blind, then—sons of
earth,
To the light within ye—the soaring flame
That points to a moment of higher birth—
To a home in the world from whence it came?"

"Cast your childish, your bootless aims aside—
All—*all* save the *TRUE* one!—Pure love
shall bloom
When youth's vaunted roses—when manhood's
pride—
Sleep together in nature's common tomb!"

"The love of the soul—that *ONE* drop given
To sweeten your bitter cup—shall remain;
And fruition crown those hopes in heaven,
That, on earth, ye fondly indulge, in vain!"

She unfolded her shining wings, and lo,
The Seraph returned to her native sky!
But her balmy words, on the heart of woe,
Dropped manna—to feed it *eternally*.

L. S. S.

STANZAS.

My early love! My early love!
And meet we thus at last?
And is thy form, so matchless once,
Now worn and fading fast?
Alas! thy smiles and roseate bloom
Are now for ever gone;
And dim those eyes which I so lov'd,
In youth, to look upon!

My early love! My early love!
It wrings my heart to see
How much of sorrow and of toil
Has been endur'd by thee!
Alas! it boots not now to tell
Of hours long past away,
Nor of the love I bore thee then,
Which ne'er has known decay.

My early love ! My early love !
 Thou wast not made for strife,
 And all unmeet was thy fair form
 To breast the storms of life.
 Ah ! had'st thou through this wilderness
 But journey'd by *my* side—
 I would have shielded thee from ill,
 Or in the effort—died !

Mrs. H—.

I'D BE A POETESS.

(IMITATED FROM BAYLEY'S "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.")

By H. Brandreth, Jun.

Author of "Field Flowers," &c.

I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
 Ranging the valley, the hill, and the grove ;
 And, as I wandered the woodlands among,
 Waking the echoes to music and love.
 Beauty and honours to some may belong,
 Some the bright sunshine of glory may prove ;
 I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
 Waking the echoes to music and love.

I'd have a dear little isle of my own,
 Free from the blights and the tempests of
 life ;
 Love in the midst should establish his throne,
 Splendent with hope and with happiness
 rife.
 I would leave beauty and honours alone,
 Beauty and honours but lead us to strife ;—
 I'd be a poetess placed on a throne
 Splendent with hope and with happiness
 rife.

Far from the world, from its joys and its fears,
 Thus would I live in my own little isle ;
 And if the summer-rose woke amid tears,
 Zephyr should kiss them away, with a smile.
 Wealth her proud palaces vainly uprears,
 Splendour and wealth seldom come without
 guile ;—
 I'd be a poetess deceming such tears
 Life's richest dowry, so Love wept the while.
 February 20th, 1828.

YOU BID ME SING !

NAY do not ask me more to sing,
 In pity to this heart forbear ;
 The hand that trembling wakes the string
 Betrays the wound that rankles there !

Each note is sorrow's own sad strain,
 That ill can suit a brow like thine ;
 Where joy seems all devoid of pain,
 And hope that knows not to repine.

I too *have* lov'd sweet tones to hear,
 Could listen to the voice of song ;
 Alas, those lips that made them dear
 Are mute—their music—gone !

And music's dream can but restore
 That look, that voice of sweetest spell,
 And tell of bliss that is no more,
 The heart's *sad* echo, fare thee well !

Then do not bid me sing—'tis vain,
 The lyre is mute, my song is o'er ;
 For *thee* its tones *revive* again,
 For *me* they've *ceas'd*, they *charm* no more !

For, ah, how weak is *Woman's* song,
 When tears disturb the tone of bliss ;
 How tremulous the chords are wrung,
 When *sorrow* breaks on *happiness* !
 PARNELL.

ONE THOUGHT TO ME !

ON others let thy laughing brow
 Its kindest, dearest smile bestow ;
 ON others let that eye of thine
 In mingled mirth and splendour shine ;
 Nor smile, nor glance, I ask of thee—
 But give, O, give, one thought to me !

In glittering halls, in festive bowers,
 Where swift the rosy flying hours
 Speed the lame wizard Time along,
 By twining dance and sportive song—
 Ah, spare, mid hours so full of glee,
 One thought, one gentle thought to me !

'Tis friendship's claim ; deny not thou,
 Though love around thee yet may throw
 His spell, and steal thy tears, thy sighs ;
 No tear from me shall dim thine eyes ;
 Content and blest this heart will be,
 If thou wilt give one thought to me !

E. M. P.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By Captain M'Naghten.

My heart has still languish'd for thee, love,
 Though many bright forms I have met,
 Since last thy soft eye beam'd on me, love,
 And my cheek with thy last tear was wet :
 But now that I fold thee once more,
 And joy to this bosom restore,
 Let sorrow be chas'd far away—
 Let sorrow be chas'd far away—
 Let the sigh and the tear yield to ecstasy,
 dear,
 And the warm sun of love cheer each day.

Though the stoic insensible be, love,
 Though the cynic our raptures condemn,
 They may sneer at our blisses, but we, love,
 Can pity such coldness in them.
 For when two fond hearts closely twine,
 (Two hearts such as thine, love, and mine)
 Oh ! let such spirits rail as they may—
 Oh ! let such spirits rail as they may—
 If their breasts they can steel to the pleasures
 we feel,
 It is we who are bless'd, and not they.

As to Plato—whatever he preach'd, love,
 Do you think that he taught as he felt ?
 Or that beautiful eyes ever reach'd, love,
 A heart which their rays could not melt ?
 Oh ! no—though the wise one might find,
 As I do, new charms in the mind ;
 Unless in her form they were rife—
 Unless in her form they were rife—
 She might please for an hour, in Reason's cold
 bow'r,
 But, like *thee*, could she sweeten a life ?

EDEN CASTLE : A BALLAD.

IT is stated in traditional story, that, one tempestuous night, there came to the gates of Eden Castle, a blind female, seeking shelter for herself and child ; but the hard-hearted lord of the domain ordered her to be turned from the door ; upon which she prayed that the fair edifice might soon be laid in ruins, and that, when the winds should be hushed over all the rest of the earth, they might still blow fearfully around the Castle of Eden. It was this legend which gave rise to the following ballad.

Why howls the wind through Eden's halls ?
 Why flits the bat its towers among ?
 There once was heard the wassail roar,
 There once was heard the minstrel's song !

But now no song is ever heard,
 Save the voice of the angry wind ;
 For a curse is on that ruin'd pile,
 'Twas the curse of the old and blind.

One wintry night a female came—
 A female blind and poor—
 And, in a broken tearful voice,
 Sought shelter at the door.

A little daughter at her side
 Pray'd, too, in baby tone,
 And told how many a night and day
 They'd wander'd all alone.

She said her little hands were cold,
 And that her heart could hardly beat ;
 And that the blood was frozen quite,
 On the stones that had cut her feet.

The lord of Eden heard the tale ;
 But he turn'd them from the door ;
 And the moanings of the helpless twain
 Were lost in the tempest's roar.

The mother shriek'd—" Oh, boatman, come,
 And row us o'er the water ;
 An', gin my life ye winna save,
 Yet save my bonny daughter !"

" An' troth," he cried, " my bonny doe,
 I'll row ye o'er the water ;
 An' gin the arm o' man can save,
 Oh, I will save your daughter !

" But fearfu' is the angry wind,
 An' loud the waters roar ;
 Yet I hae got a canny hand,
 An' well can ply the oar."

But, ah ! the waters raged wide,
 And dark and darker grew ;
 And the howlings of the wintry wind
 Aye loud and louder blew.

And in the Deveron's furious stream
 The little crew were lost ;
 And the prayers they pray'd were horrible,
 As on the waves they toss'd.

They pray'd that the towers that were then so
 fair
 Might in waste and ruin lie ;
 And that the murderer at his dying hour
 Should vainly for mercy cry !

And now those towers are in ruin laid ;
 And, when all else is still,
 The winds howl wild and fearfully
 Round Eden's blighted hill.

MARY C—

SONNET, TO THE MOON.

FAIR planet, hung out on the azure sky,
 Like a rich jewel on a fair girl's brow ;
 Or like a lovely line of poetry
 Midst worlds of prose—from this cold sphere
 below
 I love to gaze on thee ; thy silver beams,
 Shining serene, while light'nings round are
 hurl'd,
 Make thee appear, so wakeful Fancy deems,
 Like some pure spirit in an angry world.
 But most I love to see thee with thy bright
 Attendants straying through the midnight
 skies ;
 For whilst I gaze with mingled awe—delight—
 Giant emotions in my bosom rise,
 Until I almost wish earth's bonds were riven,
 That my freed soul might wing its way to heaven.

B. N.

Original Poetry.

THE SCARF OF BLUE: A BALLAD.
 THOUGH minstrel harps have sung thy charms
 Beside a monarch's throne,
 Though war's fam'd chiefs have striven in arms
 For thy bright smile alone;
 Yet give the silken scarf to me,
 Wrought by that fair white hand;
 And it a talisman shall be,
 To win both name and land.

Low at thy feet a score of earls
 Have bent the love-bowed knee—
 And they have proffered gold and pearls,
 And rank and place, to thee;
 And I am but a simple knight,
 To wealth and fame unknown,
 And boast, to aid me in my right,
 No weapon save my own.

The loyal name my father bore
 Is turned to treason now,
 And that bright coronet he wore
 Shines on a foeman's brow;
 Yet, lady, bind the silken gaud
 On my uncrested helm,
 And every warrior's tongue shall laud
 My deeds throughout the realm.

'Tis sooth I've but my trusty lance
 To make my boasting true;
 But there are battle-fields in France;
 And that fair scarf of blue,
 Though streaming o'er the ill-wrought mail,
 Besprent with cankering rust,
 Shall in the foremost rank prevail,
 When bright steel bites the dust.

The king a cold and careless eye
 Has turned upon my suit;
 And every former friend looks shy,
 And every tongue is mute.
 I care not for the heartless crew,
 If those white hands of thine
 The envied scarf of azure hue
 Should round my basnet twine.

Oh, beauteous lady!—lustrous eyes
 Should melt with tenderness,
 And prompt to deeds of high emprise,
 The heart which griefs oppress.
 My soul is weary of the strife
 I wage with selfish men,
 But thy bright smile can give me life,
 And waken hope again.

Without thy love a name would be
 A thing of little worth;
 I ask but one kind glance from thee,
 Or one dark spot of earth.

The last of all my slaughtered race,
 I'd choose an early grave,
 Rather than soar to power and place,
 And be the world's base slave.

Then, lady, bind the scarf of blue
 Upon the truest knight,
 Who ever glittering falchion drew,
 Or rushed to meet the fight.
 Of thee I seek, all that can give
 Bliss to a noble mind;
 All that could make me wish to live,
 Or cease to loathe mankind.

EMMA ROBERTS.

THE MARINER'S DEATH.

URGE me no more! Ye talk in vain,
 Why will ye thus delay?
 Hear ye not groans from our sinking ship?
 For your lives, away! away!

To the boat, my mates, while yet ye may,
 Though high the billows ride!
 God speed ye all, my gallant men,
 As ye strive with yonder tide!

But my place is upon this deck;
 And, while its planks remain,
 I will not quit mine own priz'd ship—
 Our fate shall be the same!

But yester morn, in gallant trim,
 She rode o'er the mighty sea;
 And, as the breeze came rushing past,
 Her sails fill'd gracefully.

And now—she is a shatter'd wreck—
 Her lofty masts are gone;
 And of those who trod her decks so late,
 But one—is left thereon!

Hark to the roar of the foaming waves,
 As they burst the hull in twain!
 But a few, few minutes more,
 Ere she stinks in the yawning main!

Farewell, my friends!—if ye reach home,
 There tell, with unblench'd lip,
 That I have died a sailor's death,
 And perish'd—with my ship!

Mrs. H——

ELLEN.

THY soul shall be my spirit's shrine,
 Its altar, that young heart of thine;
 My only light, those deep blue eyes,
 My only breath thy fragrant sighs!

The world may frown—I'll mock its hate ;
Thus bound to thee, I'll laugh at fate ;
And, if our bark by storms be driven,
No cloud o'ercasts affection's heaven.

One look of thine shall be my meed,
Thy love my stay in hour of need ;
Its hallowed rays, its light divine,
More closely make me ever thine.

E. M. P.

NERO: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

WHY doth Rome's imperial lord
The banquet quit with sudden start !
Before the sparkling wine is pour'd,
Ere yet the minstrel tries his art ;
Or choral voices, pealing high,
Applaud some circus victory !

A thousand golden lamps illumine,
With mimic day, that gorgeous hall,
To chase the twilight's deep'ning gloom ;
For evening shadows may not fall
O'er marble floor, or pictur'd dome,
To scare the guilty lord of Rome.

Lo, those tapers vainly burn,
They cannot chase his mental night—
See ! his starting eyeballs turn—
Where they glow with tenfold light ;
For clouds of conscience o'er his soul
More dense than midnight shadows roll.

Mark—his quiv'ring lip, and brow !—
Mark !—his clench'd and frantic hand,
Rais'd to heaven !—or, palsied now,
Feebly grasps his glitt'ring brand ;
The while his hurried glance is thrown
Through pillar'd arch—o'er sculptur'd stone.

What meets his sight ? Such phantoms dire
As chas'd Eriphyle's lost son,
When, to avenge an injured sire,
The daring deed of death was done ;
And, where a mother's life blood fell,
Forth sprang the hungry fiends of hell !

He sees in yonder far recess
Stern Agrippina's spectre rise ;
A mother, in a Fury's dress,*
Appals his soul and blasts his eyes ;
And, in a voice none hears beside,
Shrieks in his ears—"Lost Matricide !"

* Nero ! says Tacitus, after the death of his mother, always fancied himself pursued by a Fury that took her likeness.

The noon of day—the deep midnight—
Are to his guilty soul the same ;
Yon gory phantom meets his sight,
Those voiceless lips still shriek his name,
And pour upon his shudd'ring ears
A record of the crimes of years !

Foremost in pleasure's reeling train,
That voice still mingles with the song ;
The mocking demon sears his brain,
As, flitting through the laughing throng,
Its tearless eyes, and curses dire,
Wake in his breast undying fire.

"Away ! Away !" he madly cries,
"My fated course is not yet run ;
Spare ! Spare ! my mental agonies,
Mother ! have mercy on thy son !
Back to the hall which gave thee birth,
And leave me for awhile to earth !"

S. S.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Oh, wae me for my bonnie bird,
That was aince like the star o' day,
There was nae lady in lordlie ha'
Sae blythsome, sae jimp, and sae gay !

Your ee—oh, 'twas an ee o' luvie,
In a' its beauteous shining ;
An' your hair shone like the threads o' gowd,
Wi' the roses thro' it twining !

An' your lady-cheek wore a tender bloom,
Like the flower in earlie blossom ;
An' the snaw that faa's on Cheviot's side
Was nae white beside your bosom !

But that ee is dim, and that cheek is dim,
An' you, our Queenie Mary,
Are lowlie laid in an English grave,
Whare Scotsman dare nae tarry.

Oh, would you were laid near your father's
haa's,
Wi' the tartans waving o'er you ;
An' the waters o' your ain wild land
In their brightness spread before you !

For, surelie your spirit can never rest
In the grave whare your murder'er laid you ;
But the sleep wad be calm o' your queenlie
breast
In the grave that a leal heart had made you,

Farewell ! farewell ! my bonny bird !
I dare na langer tarry ;
But green be that bit o' English sod,
Whare sleeps our Scottish Mary !

B. B. B.

TO ELLEN.

OH, breathe, in mercy, ELLEN, breathe
No more that joyous strain ;
And never 'mid thy tresses wreath
That snowy wreath again !

For though those tones to other ears
Speak but of mirth and gladness,
To me they touch a source of tears,
And thoughts allied to madness.

And roses, pure as those which now
Thou twinest 'mid thy hair,
Once shed their perfume o'er the brow
Of one, as young and fair,

And, oh ! I deemed as free from guile,
As thou, my ELLEN, art ;
But treachery lurked beneath her smile,
And falsehood in that heart.

I cannot bear those tones to hear,
I cannot bear those flowers to see ;
They wake within my heart, the fear,
Thou, too, should'st faithless be.

Then breathe, in mercy, ELLEN, breathe
No more that joyous strain,
And never 'mid thy tresses wreath
That snowy wreath again ! A. L. H.

TO THE SON OF A BARD.*

*By a Lady who had been requested to answer
for him at the Font.*

SON of the bard !—I feel for thee
A mother's hopes without her fears ;
Thy birth brought heartfelt joy to me—
Joy, unalloyed by pain or tears :
A welcome, and a blithe good-morrow,
I give thee to this world of sorrow !

* Mr. Bird's youngest son was born just after the publication of his poem—"Dunwich, a Tale of the Splendid City."—Vide pages 118 and 220 of the present volume of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

O, may'st thou, lovely boy, inherit
A spark of bright Promethean fire,
And, with thy mother's sense and merit,
Blend all the genius of thy sire !
Unsullied send, from age to age,
His name—a deathless heritage !

For thou wast born a child of song—
Born, when thy father's genius gave
Again to fame, that city strong,
Whose ruins sleep beneath the wave :
In thee that kindling spirit wrought,
Twin brother thou of glowing thought.

Lo, above thy cradle bending,
Fancy points the mystic band ;
The sacred Nine, from heaven descending,
Bid thy infant thoughts expand :
Sweet poesy thy soul shall fire,
To sweep again thy father's lyre.

O'er thee may Hope her vigils keep,
To guard thy morn from blight or gloom ;
And no unkindly tempest sweep
This blossom to an early tomb ;
But may'st thou live, the pride and joy,
Of those who bless thee now, sweet boy !
S. S.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF —.

GENTLE and young you have gone to your rest,
To join the spirits of the pure and blest ;
Like a flower that is nipt in its early bloom,
You have sunk in your youth to a blameless
tomb ;
You have pass'd from a world of sin and strife,
To inherit the land of eternal life.
And your cherub voice, that was sweet and clear,
And came richly and full on the list'ner's ear,
Like the night-bird's song, which, in thrilling
notes,
On the breath of the south wind softly floats,
Now hymns the praises of God on high,
In holy and sinless minstrelsy. B. B. B.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

By H. Brandreth, Jun.

LADY, why thus turn away
 Youth and beauty's sunny glance?
 Why, where all around are gay,
 Tread'st not thou the lightsome dance?
 Are thy thoughts on music bent,
 Is't for that thy young cheeks glow?
 Would'st thou hence the minstrel went?
 Lady, no! lady, no!

Hark! I hear a deep-drawn sigh!
 Wildly throbs thy snowy breast!
 Lo! a tear-drop pearls thine eye—
 Is it Pity's pilgrim guest?
 Yet that sigh, what does it there?
 Wherefore does that tear-drop flow?
 Is it sorrow claims thy care?
 Lady, no! lady, no!

Near thee stands a youthful form,
 Looking thoughts no words may speak;
 Glances bright, and blushes warm,
 Light his eye, and rose his cheek;
 For he sings of "Love's young dream,"
 O'er his lyre as bends he low;
 Would'st thou have him change the theme?
 Lady, no! lady, no!
 January, 1838.

STANZAS: BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

"Ce n'est pas être bien aise que de rire."

OH! deem not that a cheerful brow
 Is always proof of peace within;
 Or that the joy thou markest now,
 Can to the heart its passage win.

It was not from the heart it came,
 It emblems not a bosom bland;
 'Tis but the cold, bright, meteor-flame,
 That springs from an unhealthy land.

It gleams, but has no warmth the while,
 Bewilders, but it cannot cheer;
 It places in the eye a smile,
 Whence struggling pride expels the tear.

It is not that my callous heart
 Has never felt—or ceas'd to feel—
 That thus I play a mirthful part,
 And hide what I may fail to heal.

It is, that I would not appear,
 'Neath fortune's worst to quail or bend;
 I would not have from foes a sneer,
 Nor pity—even from a friend.

I care not what the world may deem
 Of one it shall no more controul;
 I've rous'd me now from many a dream,
 And learn'd to scorn—almost the whole.

I've ceas'd to trust in all I hear,
 As once in all my heart believ'd;
 And I have learn'd, alas! to fear
 Such vows as those which *have* deceived.

Warm vows, so rife in prosp'rous days,
 When, if I spoke of future scathe,
 A host of tongues would loudly raise
 Their prompt protests of changeless faith.

And yet the loudest tongues belong'd
 To those who prov'd the ficklest then;
 To those I serv'd, but never wrong'd—
 Save when I thought them honest men.

But there were hearts that never quail'd,
 Beneath ill fortune's worst decree;
 Hearts which, whatever ills assail'd,
 Were faithful, midst them all, to me.

And for *their* sakes I can forgive
 The souls of falsehood I have known;
 And wish, for *their* sakes, still to live,
 And with their feelings mix my own.

And *one* there was—(oh! woman's love
 Still brightens misery's gloomiest hours;
 Man's holiest blessing from above,
 His shield against despair's dark pow'rs!)

One heart that fondly clung to mine,
 Throughout misfortune's keenest blast;
 Dear as the dove that bore the sign,
 But, truer, fled not at the last!

Yet, let the man who would not know
 The misery of a breast deceiv'd;
 Who would escape that worst of woe—
 To find all false, where he believ'd—

Let him the rosy goblet quaff,
 And, like the bee, 'mid pleasures fly;
 And let him laugh with all who laugh,
 But shun the hapless few who sigh.

Thus *may* he live, at least in mirth,
 And the bright smile, that gilds his brow,
 May in his care-free heart have birth,
 And not be such—as mine is now.

THE OLD ASH TREE.

THOU beautiful ash—thou art lowly laid,
And the traveller no more shall greet,
From afar, thy cool and refreshing shade,
To give rest to his weary feet.
The wing'd and the wandering tribes of air
A home 'mid thy foliage found ;
But thy graceful boughs, all broken and bare,
The wild winds are scattering round !

The storm demon sent up his loudest shout,
When he levell'd his bolt at thee ;
When thy massy trunk, and thy branches stout,
Were riven by the blast, old tree !
It has bow'd to the dust thy stately form,
That for many an age defied
The rush and the roar of the midnight storm,
When it swept through thy branches wide !

I have gaz'd on thee with a fond delight,
In childhood's happier day ;
And watch'd the moon-beams of a summer night,
Through thy quiv'ring foliage play ;
When I gather'd the ivy wreaths that bound
Thy old fantastic roots,
And wove the wild flowers that blossom'd round
With spring's first tender shoots !

And when youth, with its ardent visions, came,
Thou wast still my favourite seat ;
And the glowing dreams of future fame
Were formed at thy hoary feet.—
Farewell ! farewell ! the wintry wind
Has wag'd unsparing war on thee,
And only pictur'd on my mind
Remains thy form, time-honour'd tree !

S. S.

THE EXILE.

CLIME of my birth ! my native land !
How dearly do I love thee still !
Clime of my birth ! thine was the hand
That o'er me showered every ill !
Yet such the spell that's round me cast,
Though wronged, I love thee to the last.

The sun as brightly lights the wave
As when I trod thy fertile shore—
That shore that would not yield a grave
To one that ne'er will see thee more—
As bright as erst his gay decline,
And watched by eyes as fond as mine.

But I, an exiled wanderer, roam
Far from the land that gave me birth.
Though broken are those ties of home
That bind us to our mother earth—
Though deep thy curse is on me set—
I feel thou art my country yet !

Thou'st arms as strong to grasp thy sword,
Thou'st hearts as proud to bleed for thee,
Thou'st men who, if thou give the word,
Will dare each deed of bravery :
Oh, may the meed those deeds obtain
Be better than a traitor's name !

Such was my meed, ungrateful clime !
Ask, ask of him who bade me fly,
What was my guilt—my hideous crime !
He answereth—" Love of liberty !"
I rose exulting to the call
Which bade thee break thy slavish thrall.

Home of my childhood ! where art thou ?
I see thee, for my madden'd brain
Too well can paint thee ; even now
My frenzy makes thee live again !
In hope, in fear, such visions come
To whisper of my childhood's home.

They of the desolator tell,
Who made that home still as the tomb ;
Beneath his touch all withering fell—
So falls the blight of the simoom !
And those fair forms, my joy, my pride,
Are blighted, lone, and scattered wide.

Home of my childhood ! can it be,
That thou art prostrate in the dust ?
Home of my childhood ! must it be ?
My sword within its scabbard rust,
Nor bare its blade, nor strike one blow,
To crush the hand that laid thee low !

Land of my birth ! my native clime !
An exile calls upon thy name !
Land of my birth ! avenge the crime
That robbed me of my home, my fame !
And my last thoughts and prayer shall be,
My native land—for thee ! for thee !

E. M. P.

SONG.

WHY will you talk to me of love,
Of joys that never can be mine ?
You only wish to wound the dove—
To leave the stricken heart to pine.

Your love to me would be, I know,
As false, as changing as the wind ;
Such love would fill my heart with woe,
Distract, with grief, my ardent mind.

Then, cease to ask me for my heart ;
It is too pure by far for thee ;
To thee it would no joy impart ;
Then, leave it thornless still and free.

Dulwich Grove.

W. H. L.

getfulness on that of the offended audience, who desert the theatres, because so little real ability is presented to them, permits the yet valuable possession to remain unappropriated. We hesitate not to say, that such a relic of the time-honoured train of Melpomene ought to be sought,—and, if found, solicited to resume her tragic seat on the British stage; and let us behold “a daughter of Shakspeare once more!”

It is impossible, however, to quit the subject of the stage altogether, without acknowledging that we have now an

almost entirely new branch in the world of acting. It may be called (borrowing from painting) the Wilkie-style—the pathos of common life. And in that style Miss Kelly (and Miss Goward promises well) stands unrivalled. It is Miss Kelly’s own creation; and it redounds the more to her reputation for genius, and genuine simplicity of taste, which is taste in perfection, that such a creation should have emanated from her at a time when the drama itself, as well as the stage, was in a state of declension.

A FRIEND TO THE STAGE.

Original Poetry.

BOAT SONG.

STRETCH to your oars, my comrades brave!
Our boat is launched on the crystal wave;
Tighter bark, or blither crew,
Ne’er o’er the azure waters flew.

Chorus.

Merrily, merrily now we glide
Over the breast of the silver tide!

Wensum, oft thy flowery shores
Have echoed to our dashing oars;
Thy winding vales shall oft prolong
The boatman’s shout, the boatman’s song—

Chorus.

Till lively echo gives again
Our jovial lay, from wood and plain.

O’er thy currents darkly frown
Ruined tower and stately town;
While blithely through thy woodland dells
Chime the city’s evening bells—

Chorus.

Softly swinging to the wind,
As we leave her walls behind.

Hurra! hurra! our task is done!
Old Whitlingham, thy shores are won!
Thy waving woods, and ruined pile,
In the moonbeams softly smile.

Chorus.

Far from the busy haunts of men,
Welcome meadow and forest glen!

Beneath thy turrets, lone and grey,
Hours like moments glide away;
O’er thy smooth and verdant mead,
Our jovial crew the dance shall lead—

Chorus.

Till the eyes of lady bright
Sparkle in the pale moonlight.

Homeward now our course we steer,
O’er rippling wave, by moonbeam clear;
While gaily swells each jocund strain,
As the city walls we gain.

Chorus.

Now our pleasing toils are o’er—
Moor the boat, and spring to shore!
Norwich, June 11. S. S.

STANZAS.

By H. Brandreth, Jun.

THE morning is breaking
O’er temple and tower;
All nature is waking,
From moorland and bower;
The lamb is upspringing,
All blithe from the lea,
The lavrock is singing
In shrill melody;
The sun o’er the mountain
In splendour appears,
And the drops of the fountain
Seem diamond tears.

But where is the maiden
I saw yesterday,
All laughing and laden
With flow’rets of May?
Why still is she sleeping
In listless repose,
While Zephyr is keeping
Sweet watch o’er the rose?
She dreameth, in slumber,
Of beauty and love,
And joys without number,
She never may prove.

But see! she has banished
 Dull sleep from her brow!
 Love's bright dreams have vanished
 Like dew from the bough.
 Yet blushes are stealing
 Athwart her young cheek,
 Too truly revealing
 What words cannot speak;—
 For still she is weaving
 A garland of flowers,
 All fondly believing
 In Hope's sunny hours.

Yet, oh! if ideal
 Youth's visions so sweet,
 Whilst sorrow is real
 In all that we meet;
 If love, with its treasures
 Of smiles and of tears,
 Still finds half its pleasures
 Commingled with fears;—
 Far better thus ever
 To dream life away,
 'Mid visions that never
 May wake into day!

She once had a lover—
 But never again
 His bark will come over,
 For her, the dark main.
 Another has won him—
 Yet pallid and wan
 His cheek, for upon him
 There still is a ban;
 For though she adore him
 All others above,
 Dark thoughts will steal o'er him
 Of home and of love.

But evening advances,
 Morn's glories are o'er;
 The lavrock entrances
 E'en echo no more;
 The sun o'er the billow
 Has sunk to his rest,
 And health on his pillow
 Of heather is blest;
 The moon o'er the mountain
 Her banner unfurls,
 And day's di'mond fountain
 Now weepeth but pearls.

And where is the maiden
 I saw yesterday,
 All laughing, and laden
 With roses of May?
 Oh, say! is she weaving
 Her garland of flowers,
 Still fondly believing
 In Hope's sunny hours?

Or dreams she, in slumber,
 Of beauty and love,
 And joys without number,
 She never may prove?
June, 1828.

STANZAS.

THY harpers, fair Scotland,
 Repose in the grave!
 They are dead who once sang
 The exploits of the brave!
 The bards, whose strains yielded
 To monarchs delight,
 Have all vanished away,
 Like a phantom of night.

In the bower of the fair,
 No minstrel presides;
 At the banquet, no bard
 Mirth and revelry guides;
 Tuneful troubadours sleep
 In oblivion's stream,
 And are only recalled,
 As a beauteous dream.

The days of the minstrel
 Have long, long gone by,
 Since his plaintive-toned notes
 Drew from beauty a sigh.
 Thus, friends, o'er whose memory
 Awhile we deplore,
 Like the children of song
 Are remembered no more.

W. G.—Y.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

Oh, restless as th' unceasing troubled flow
 Of rushing waters o'er their rocky bed,
 Runs, in dark strength, the stream of human woe,
 Till dried by death the fount that being fed.

Quick, as the lightning glances from the skies,
 When the wild storm its gathering fury
 shrouds,

The meteor flash of mortal pleasures flies,
 Leaving to deeper gloom involving clouds.

Oh, that the desert path of years were trod,
 Through life's dark vale—and I, at length,
 could sleep,

Beneath that silent mound of dewy sod,
 Where none awake again, to joy, or weep.

Where the tired spirit finds a lasting peace,
 And sleeps in chill oblivion with the dead—
 Where the wild thoughts which scourged the
 bosom cease,

And friends, who scorned the trusting heart,
 have fled!

When time has dried the heavy mourner's tears,
 How sweet to sleep amidst the wreck of years.

S. S.

Original Poetry.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN, thy rushing blast
Sweeps in wild eddies by—
Whirling the sere leaves past,
Beneath my feet to die.
Nature her requiem sings,
In many a plaintive tone,
As to the wind she flings
Sad music, all her own.
The murmur of the rill
Is deep and sullen now ;
And the voice of joy is still,
In grove and leafy bough.
There's not a single wreath,
Of all Spring's thousand flowers,
To strew her bier in death,
Or deck her sallow bowers.
I hear a spirit sigh,
Where the meeting pines resound,
Which tells me all must die,
As the leaf upon the ground.
The brightest hopes we cherish,
That own a mortal trust,
Bloom but awhile, to perish,
And moulder in the dust.

Sweep on, thou rushing wind !
Thou'rt music to mine ear,
Awak'ning in my mind
A voice I love to hear.
I list thee idly rave,
In the branches o'er my head ;
Thou wilt sigh o'er my grave,
But cannot mourn me dead.

My soul shall flee away,
And break the silent clod
That wraps my mould'ring clay,
To live again with God.
Though all things perish here,
The spirit cannot die ;
It owns a brighter sphere,
A home in yon fair sky—

Where winter's stormy blast
Can never strip the bowers,
Or chilly Autumn cast
A blight upon the flowers ;
But Spring, in all her bloom,
For ever revels there ;
And the children of the tomb
Forget this world of care.

S. S.

Original Poetry.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.*

"And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost, the beautiful, the dead,
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence, with their voices, all sweet laughter fled—
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise.
As from a world where no frail blossom dies."

Mrs. Hemans.

THEY come, they come, from the bowers above—
The land of spirits, the climes of love—
A radiant band!—they are hovering now
O'er the lovely sleeper reclin'd below;
They are looking upon her with dewy eyes,
Bidding sweet thoughts in her heart arise;
And, like guardian angels, their watch are
keeping

Around the couch where their sister's sleeping.

And she sees them now in her shadowy dream,
And she softly murmurs each well-known name,
And she calls them to her with love and truth,
By the dear familiar names of youth;
And they know her voice, and they hear her
sigh,

As she dreams of the happy days gone by;
And holy and pure are the words they shed,
As they shower down blessings upon her head.

And they gaze on the face of the lovely sleeper,
And call on the God of Heaven to keep her
Free from all danger, and pain, and sin,
Till a virtuous course of life shall win
That home, where the lov'd ones are gone
before,

Where sin and sorrow can vex no more,
And where they shall ever united be,
Blessing and bless'd eternally!

Oh, if it be that the lov'd departed
Are permitted to visit the broken-hearted;
To descend at times from their bright, bright
sphere,
Heralding hope to those lingering here;
To hover about our path and bed,
A balm o'er our wounded hearts to shed—
Surely, surely, such visits are given
To prepare our souls for the joys of Heaven.

B. N.

TO —.

SHE sleeps the sleep of Death!—sweet, blest
repose,
That, waking, thou canst never know again;
The heart's deep feeling of unutter'd woes,
The wounded bosom's secret suffering pain!

* *Vide* a painting by Corbould, exhibited at
the Royal Academy, in the season of 1828.

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—upon that brow
Life can no more its wonted influence prove;
There lies the wreck of all I feared to know
In that bland cheek—closed eye—mute voice of
love.

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—blest Saint of
heaven,
That happy smile seems mockery of woe,
And these young flowers—oh, wherefore were
they given?
Sad emblems!—whence life's destiny we know!

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—oh, my full
heart,
Thy fate is written there—I ask no more;
What bodes the future?—it can nought impart
When we have nothing left us to deplore.

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—so calm, so still;
The bloom of thy young spring hath never
known
The blight of wither'd smiles—or guile, or ill,
Meet child for that bright sky where thou art
flown!

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—'tis mine to
feel
That vacancy of heart, that blank of mind,
Time cannot here restore—deep sorrow's ill!
Where peace again may ne'er its entrance find.

She sleeps the sleep of Death!—immortal bliss
Hath welcom'd thee above. We part: and I
Will seal Life's sacrifice with Love's last kiss
On this fair form—a fairer could not die.

Yes—this, indeed, is Death!—my hope—my
pride,
Receive the last embrace I e'er can give!
Oh, God! support this frame! and do not chide
The broken heart, where hope hath ceas'd to
live!

PARNELL.

THE CISTUS.

DARK shrub! I mark thee, morn to morn,
Thy snow-white flowers renewing;
But, long ere evening, rent and torn,
On every passing zephyr borne,
Their leaves the cold earth strewing!

Each bud within its folded vest
The first fair flower displaces—
Spreads to the sun its glowing breast,
And to each roving insect guest
Displays its simple graces.

But, ere the sun's declining ray,
O'er lawn and forest bower,
Pours the last glories of the day,
Thy new-born buds have passed away,
Unshook by wind or shower.

And others still their place supply,
In quick succession blooming ;
As soon to fade—as soon to die—
Like a soft wreath of snow they lie,
Their lovely mates entombing.

From their brief date the poet might
A moral lesson borrow :—
The opening buds that meet his sight,
That bloom this morn to fade at night,
Will not be missed to-morrow ! S. S.

THE EVENING HOUR.

EVE is the hour of bliss !
The hour when labours cease ;
And toil and tumult are exchang'd
For harmony and peace.

Eve is the *dreamy* hour !
The hour when Fancy sees
An eye of love in every star—
A voice in every breeze.

Eve is the Poet's hour !
The hour when thought takes birth ;
And the soul is wafted far beyond
The gross desires of earth.

Eve is the Lover's hour !
The hour that wakes soft sighs,
New hopes, fond fears, vague wishes—all
The spirit's mysteries.

Eve is fond Memory's hour !
The hour when *Mind* looks back
Through the mist of parting years, to trace
Sweet childhood's happy track.

O, blessed Evening hour !
To every son of earth
Thou bring'st repose, and rest, and peace,
Calm joy, and quiet mirth. B. N.

THE OUTLAW.

UPON a mountain high and steep,
The outlaw took his stand,
And gaz'd upon the pleasant fields
Of his own native land.

His eyes grew dim with blinding tears,
As he look'd o'er the plain,
To think that he might never tread
The soil he lov'd again !

"And is this then the mead," he cried,
"Of those who *fin* would raise
Fair Florence to the glorious height
She held in former days ?

"Ill-fated land ! thou hast but left
The *name* of liberty ;
And all are banish'd and afar
Whose zeal would set thee free.

"For this am I an exile now,
And, in mine own dear home—
Alas ! strange forms are dwelling there,
While I am here alone !

"My boy, my boy, my noble boy !
Would I could clasp thee now,
And press a father's hallow'd kiss
Upon thine infant brow !

"O may a happier lot be thine—
And thus life give to thee
Far brighter rays of love and joy
Than ever beam'd on me !

"Yet should thy fate be like mine own,
O, never crouch thee down,
A traitor to thy name and land,
Beneath a tyrant's frown !"

Mrs. H——.

ON BEING ASKED, "HOW SHOULD WOMAN LOVE ?"

You ask me, "how should woman love ?"
With pure devotedness of heart ;
Holy, sincere, the flame should prove,
Where selfishness should hold no part,
For him whose image fills her breast,
Whose form has long her fancy blest,
Whose virtues won her fond esteem,
Whose graces are her young day's dream.

For one, whose great and lofty soul,
Whose mighty intellect was such,
That nought but reason could controul,
And nought but virtue's self could touch ;
In friendship faithful—that in sooth,
All that he said you'd know was truth,
Who would not, for ambition's sake,
Win a young heart to bid it break :

Who would not, with insidious tongue,
Say what his heart could ne'er approve ;
And when his victim's *hope* has clung
To what *she* fondly *thought* was love,
Would turn from her with careless eye,
And say, "I spoke not seriously ;"
Oh, no !—but one whose faithful thought
May have been *won*, but *never bought* ;—

For such a one, who would not bear
A world's contempt, a nation's hate ?
To share his grief—to soothe his care—
And smile upon his happier fate ;
And all the pride her heart would claim
Should be to bear his honour'd name,
To live with him in constancy,
And when he died—with him to die.

D. L. J.

Original Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR'S APPROACH: A
CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1829.*By the Author of "Field Flowers."*

Lo ! Spring, in its beauty of song and of flowers,
And Summer, whose roses perfume the bright
bowers,

Have long since departed—e'en Autumn's last
sigh

But heralds, in sooth, the New Year's lullaby.
The snow-storm descends—not a flow'ret is seen,
No swallow skims blithe o'er the gay village-
green,

But mountain, lea, valley, deserted and drear,
Proclaim, though in silence, another New Year.

And has the past year brought so soon to a close
Its griefs and its pleasures, its joys and its woes ?
Say, whither are gone the fond hopes of the
bride ?

Why weeps the sad parent yon cradle beside ?
The hopes of the bride, of the parent, are o'er—
The husband, the child, shall awaken no more ;
Yet why to a smile is thus changing the tear ?
Bright hopes dawn afresh from another New
Year.

And ye, too, dear children, who, joyous with
youth,

Find Nature's best handmaid the daughter of
Truth ;

Who, gaze on whatever ye will, only see
Mankind as mankind should to all ever be—
Seize Time by the forelock, crop flowers while
ye may,

For the pleasures of infancy last but a day ;
The green leaf of Spring-tide, ere Autumn, is
sear—

So joy yields to grief with another New Year.

But yet, with each year though our troubles are
found,

Like July's dark storm-clouds, to thicken
around,

Life still has its pleasures, and if not as pure
As childhood's, at least they may longer endure ;
Youth's laugh may our footsteps no longer
attend,

But the playmate of infancy now is the friend ;
And, trusting that friend may prove ever sincere,
I wish ye, dear children, a happy New Year.

Oh ! there may be some who, all heedless of
health,

Would rather wish glory, fame, honours and
wealth ;

As if fame, wealth, glory, and honours were sent,
As gifts that may ever compete with content !

Ah ! no—such, indeed, by mankind may be
given,

But health and content are the blessings of
Heaven ;

If happy, the peasant's as rich as the pect—

And so I but wish ye a happy New Year.

Temple.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

By Miss Susanna Strickland.

" Tell me, thou grassy mound,
What dost thou cover ?

In thy folds hast thou bound
Soldier, or lover ?

Time o'er the turf no memorial is keeping—
Who, in this lone grave, forgotten, is sleeping ?"

" The sun's westward ray
A dark shadow has thrown
O'er this dwelling of clay—

And the shade is thine own !
From dust and oblivion, this stern lesson borrow—
Thou art living to day—and forgotten to-
morrow !"

STANZAS.

FULL many a year has pass'd away
Since last I wander'd here,
And heard, as now, yon village chimes
Fall sweetly on mine ear !

Scenes of my youth, ye look as fair
As when, in frolic wild,
I rovd amidst your peaceful fields,
A gay and laughing child !

Mine own tree, which I lov'd so well,
Its leaves are fresh and green ;
The bower I form'd is blooming still,
For there—no blight hath been.

But I have mingled with the world,
And, for my once light heart,
I have brought back a sadden'd one,
Whence care will not depart.

Alas ! for all my joyous thoughts,
They soon turn'd to decay ;
And my bright hopes of love and fame,
Pass'd one by one away !

Upon the treach'rous sea of life,
That look'd so smooth and clear,
I fearless launch'd my little bark,
Nor deem'd that storms were near ;

But soon— too soon—a tempest rose,
The skies were overcast ;
And my poor little fragile bark
Sank, ere that storm was past.

And now, although my heart is sad,
I—I have burst the spell
Of life's enchaining vanities,
Which once I lov'd so well.

Shall I, then, murmur at the ills,
Which still around me lie ;
Or grieve that sorrow's lingering clouds
Obscure life's evening sky ?

No ! rather deem them mercies sent,
In every rolling year,
To teach this weak and erring heart,
Its rest—must not be *here*.

— Mrs. H —

SONG.

By Mrs. Carey, author of "Lasting Impressions," &c.

FAREWELL, dear youth ! when next we meet,
If meet again we may,
Wilt thou those vows of love repeat,
That thou hast sworn to-day ?

I know that now thy gen'rous breast
With fervent passion glows ;
And on thy love and truth, profess'd,
My dearest hopes repose.

But time and absence oft destroy
Each hope, young love had cherish'd,
And prove them false, as dreams of joy,
That with the day-light perish'd.

And, oh ! 'tis sad to think, how soon
The bloom of beauty flies ;
A morning flower, that fades at noon,
And in the evening dies.

Then say, should Time, ere next we meet,
Steal youth's fresh tints away,
Wilt thou again those vows repeat,
That thou hast sworn to-day ?

—
LOVE'S CHAIN.

Or all the chains that e'er I've seen,
This—this hath prov'd most frail ;
Deceiving still with treacherous mien,
With syren hope—ambition's dream,
And vain delusion's tale !

Oh ! mark it, whilst in beauty bright,
Gaze on its charms when fair,
For you may view those orbs of light,
At early morn, and silent night,
With tears and vain despair !

Inhale its fragrance when in bloom,
For soon 'twill cease to be ;
And thou shalt, e'en at earliest noon,
Seek death to find the open tomb,
To give thee liberty !

Oh ! bless it—whilst 'tis bright and free,
Unconscious of the worse,
Or that it e'er will change for thee,
And be what it must ever be,
Life's *bliss*—or bitterest *curse*.

PARNELL.

—
TO ROSABELLA.

FORGET *it* ? it may never be !: whatever prove
my fate,
That long-remember'd hour will soft and sooth-
ing thoughts create :
Though brief and fleeting were its joys, though
transient were its pleasures,
Fond memory long will number them amongst
her sweetest treasures.

Forget *thee* ? that will never be !—the bright-
ness of thine eye,
The cheering sunbeam of thy smile, the witchery
of thy sigh ;
But more than all, thy heart so meek, thy
manners so refin'd,
Like golden gifts are hoarded up, and cherish'd
in my mind.

We met amongst the volatile, the youthful, and
the gay,
We met, perchance, as others meet—but did we
part as they ?

Oh, I would mines of wealth forego, to know
thou think'st of me,
Who, come what may, can never cease to think
sweet maid, of thee !

B. N.

—
"FORGET ME NOT."

FANCY, Time's swift flight reviewing,
Fain would stay the passing year ;
Or, if future joys pursuing,
Breathes the wish to friendship dear,
In, or the mansion, or the cot,
May my heart's friend *forget me not* !

When by social bliss surrounded,
Youth to mirth gives festive zest,
Affection feels the transport bounded
In that tender faithful breast,
Which sighs from home's enchanted spot,
May my heart's friend *forget me not* !

Or, when grief or pain oppressing,
Clouds fond passion's brow with care,
Love still owns one peace-fraught blessing
To stay the sinking mind's despair ;
And cries—I bless misfortune's lot,
If my heart's friend "*forget me not* !"

Bungay, Sept. 1828.

S. A